

# Highlights<sup>®</sup>

FEBRUARY 1989

for Children

Fun with a Purpose





# Highlights<sup>®</sup> for Children<sup>®</sup>

Including CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES<sup>®</sup>

FEBRUARY 1989 • VOLUME 44 • NUMBER 2 • ISSUE NO. 453  
Founded in 1946 by Garry C. Myers, Ph.D., and Caroline Clark Myers

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children  
grow—in basic skills and knowledge—in creativeness—  
in ability to think and reason—in sensitivity to others  
—in high ideals—and worthy ways of living  
—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

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## From the Editor

One part of the HIGHLIGHTS philosophy is developing in young readers a sensitivity to others. Because our editors believe that young people are influenced by what they read, the material for each issue is carefully selected to reflect our creed.

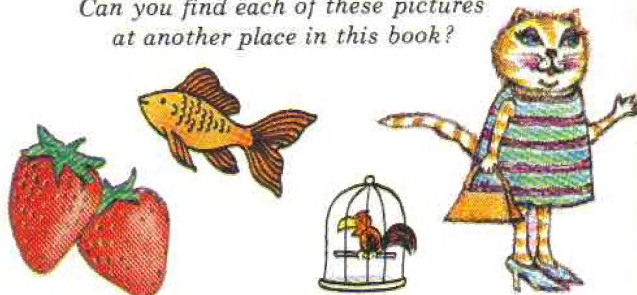
In this issue of HIGHLIGHTS you may wish to read with your youngsters the story "Happy Skates" by Diane Burns (pp. 12-13). This is a sensitive story in which a young girl skates before an audience but has trouble because her feet and stomach "jiggle." As she overcomes her difficulties, the young reader cannot help but project himself or herself into a similar situation. The art and the story line of "Happy Skates" are closely tied so that for a full understanding the reader will want to look carefully at the illustration, as well as reflect on the text.

Developing sensitivity to others can come about by associating with sensitive people and reading and reacting to sensitive literature. "Happy Skates" reflects well this important part of the HIGHLIGHTS creed.

Walter B. Barbe, Ph.D.  
Editor in Chief

## Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures  
at another place in this book?





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Thinking and Creating  
Moral Values  
The Arts  
Science & Nature  
The Nation and the World  
More Advanced Reading  
Easy Reading  
Preparation for Reading



# The Day of the Great Wave

Retold by Marcella Fisher Anderson

**I**t is said that long ago a young Japanese boy named Jiro lived near a village by the sea, a tiny village of only one hundred and twenty-two people. Around the fish cannery with its tall chimney clustered all the houses—except for Grandfather's little house. His was built beside an old cherry tree, high, high on the mountainside. Jiro lived there with him.

Like all the villagers, Grandfather had relatives on the other side of the mountain. When he went there to visit, Jiro took special care of the little house.

**O**n the last day of one of Grandfather's visits, Jiro stepped outside. The air was very hot and heavy. No breeze stirred through the rice fields far up on the mountain. Earthquake weather, Grandfather would say. Just then, the ground trembled a little under Jiro's feet.

Jiro closed the door of the little house. Safely in their places were all of Grandfather's precious possessions, which had belonged also to Jiro's great-grandfather and to his great-great-grandfather.

Jiro started running down the long, steep path to the village, but he stopped suddenly. He stared at what he saw. All the water in the village harbor was going out, as though sucked up by a monstrous fish. Out went the water beyond the shoreline and the piers, out beyond the fishing fleet and harbor, out, out until only sand and

stones and giant weeds were left behind.

Jiro watched the children run to the sand flats to pick up shells they had never seen before. Dogs dashed about, teasing fish that were left flopping in puddles.

All of the grown-ups were indoors, resting from the day's work or cooking the evening meal.

"What is happening?" cried Jiro aloud. "What could it be?" Then he remembered hearing Grandfather's stories about earthquakes and the terrible tidal waves called *tsunami* that sometimes followed.

"Run! Run!" he shouted through cupped hands to the children below. But the children did not hear him. Jiro took off his wide straw hat and waved it up and down and back and forth. But the children did not see him.

**N**ow all the water in the sea was out of sight. Miles of sand stretched to the horizon.

Jiro's hands started shaking. The fiery sun went behind a smoke-gray cloud, and Jiro knew what he must do. But how could he? What would Grandfather say?



He opened the door of the little house. Carefully, he carried out a few of his grandfather's most precious possessions. There was not time to carry out everything.

Jiro ran inside again to the earthenware pot filled with charcoal still hot from his morning tea. He hesitated. His eyes filled with tears. Was there no other way?

Quickly, he turned the pot upside down onto the straw floor mats. At first the mats only smoked. Then they caught fire. Soon the walls of the house were engulfed by a flame that flashed high into the sky. The thatched roof caught fire, too, and made a tall column of smoke. Jiro brushed the tears from his cheeks.

**D**own in the village, the children saw the flames. They ran to call their parents.

Up the mountain, past the rice fields, climbed the villagers carrying pots and jugs of water. By the time they reached Grandfather's little house, only glowing embers remained.

The village leader pushed his way through the excited crowd. Red-faced, he stood before Jiro. "Everyone in the village climbed high up the mountain to put out the fire."

"Good," said Jiro.

The village leader's eyes flashed. "Why did the house catch fire? You were left in charge of it. What will your grandfather say?"

Before Jiro could answer, someone shouted, "Look! *Tsunami*!"

A towering wall of water approached from far, far out in the ocean. Slowly at first came this great tidal wave. Then it moved faster. In time it filled the ocean sands and the harbor.

The wave threw fishing boats high into the sky and flung them like toy ships against the mountain. It swept away the piers as though they were bamboo splinters. It dropped gaping sharks and twisting tuna onto the tops of trees.

The villagers shouted and pointed as they saw their houses drowned by the *tsunami*. At last, only one building was left standing—the fish cannery with its tall chimney.

**A** call reached Jiro's ears. "Jiro!" It was Grandfather's voice.

The wind made a terrible roaring through Jiro's thoughts. What would Grandfather say? Quickly,

Jiro walked over to his grandfather and bowed very low in front of him. Grandfather bowed back. When he straightened, his eyes took in the glowing remains of his little house. "I see you could not save all of my precious possessions."

Jiro swallowed. He trembled a little.

"But you have saved something more precious." Grandfather smiled, and his eyes glistened. "You have saved one hundred and twenty-two lives. What more can a grandfather say?"

For Jiro it was as though the old cherry tree beside the little house had suddenly blossomed with white flowers on every branch.

From the village came a rushing sound. Everyone turned around. The fish cannery and its tall chimney slid out to sea. The last of the village was gone!

Of course, the people had their rice crop to eat and relatives on the other side of the mountain to shelter them. But they never forgot how Jiro had saved them. When they rebuilt their homes, they built Grandfather's first. His little house still stands today beside the old cherry tree, high, high on the mountainside.





A child wearing a red knit hat with a patterned band, a green sweater, and a long striped scarf is looking up at the night sky. In the background, a log cabin with a chimney and warm lights inside sits on a snowy hill, surrounded by evergreen and bare trees under a starry sky. The artist's signature 'Linda Miller' is in the upper right.

# Until We Built a Cabin

By Aileen Fisher

When we lived in a city  
(three flights up and down)  
I never dreamed how many stars  
could show above a town.

When we moved to a village  
where lighted streets were few,  
I thought I could see ALL the stars,  
but, oh, I never knew—

Until we built a cabin  
where hills are high and far,  
I never knew how many  
many  
stars there really are!



## Nightmares

My family recently got a VCR. I love to watch movies, but every time I do I have a nightmare about it that night.

*Mike D., Massachusetts*

Whenever you have a nightmare about a scary movie, try to remind yourself that it was only a story. If you remember that what you saw was only make-believe, you may not be so scared.

It might also help to be more careful about what you watch. If you are watching something and it starts to upset you, turn the tape off or go into another room and do something else. Movies should be entertaining, and there is no point in watching them if they bother you. If you are more choosy about what you watch, your problem will probably stop.

## High Standards

I am in sixth grade and have a lot of trouble with my grades. I try as hard as I can until I think I'll burst! Even though I try my hardest, I still get bad grades. What should I do?

*Veronica S., Indiana*

As I look at your letter, I find it hard to believe that you get

# To the Editor

bad grades. It is written well and makes me think that you must be a good student. I don't want to encourage you to do less than your very best, but perhaps you are setting standards for yourself that are too high.

However, if you think you can do better, perhaps you should check out your study habits. Be sure that you are giving full attention to your work. Avoid watching TV or listening to the radio when you study. Find a quiet place where you will not be disturbed so that you can really concentrate.

Don't be afraid to ask your teachers for advice. I'm sure they would be pleased that you want to improve your work.

## Friend Who Copies

I have a friend who always copies other people's work. I don't mind giving her answers to math or something like that,

but I do mind when she copies my ideas. Our class was writing an editorial that was going to be in the school newspaper. I had some really good ideas. A girl across from me asked me what they were, so I told her. The next thing I knew, my friend had the exact same ideas.

*Aubrey M., Texas*

Perhaps your friend copies because she doesn't think her own ideas or answers are worth much. Help her learn that her opinion counts. Before you tell her your ideas for the newspaper, ask her for hers.

Copying other people's work is a kind of cheating. It is wrong to do it, and it is wrong to allow it. Talk with your friend about this. Be honest, but try not to get angry.

Stop giving her answers for math, and encourage her to come up with answers of her own. If you can encourage your friend to realize that her own work is important, she may feel more confident and stop copying yours.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, your age, your address, and your grade in school. Mail to:

**The Editor**

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**Honesdale, PA 18431**

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# Smart Potatoes



By Lory Herbison Frame

**M**y good friend Professor Fairbody is a plant person. I mean, he likes plants. Some people keep tropical fish; he keeps African violets. I feed my cat; he fertilizes his marigolds. Other people give away kittens; he finds homes for the frilly offspring of his spider plants.

The Professor is on the side of plants. He cheers when his Venus's-flytrap (a plant) gets the fly. He feels that people who trample poison oak and then get blisters on their feet get exactly what they deserve. He thinks it

is perfectly reasonable of a cactus to poke you when you bump into it.

The Professor came to visit me when I was getting over the flu. He brought me a philodendron as a get-well present.

"Stop that ridiculous-looking animal from doing that!" he said, as my cat Callahan began to nibble on the big green leaves.

"She's not ridiculous-looking. She's a Persian!" I said.

"Well, she'll be a very sick Persian if she eats that plant. Philodendrons are poisonous."

"You brought me a poisonous plant as a get-well present?" I gathered Callahan protectively into my arms and looked at the Professor reproachfully.

"Many common houseplants are poisonous if eaten. It's their way of fighting back."

"Against Persian cats?"

"No, Silly. Against all the insects, rodents, deer, and other things that want to eat them."

I thought that was going pretty far. "Professor, I know how you feel about plants. But you can't tell me they are smart enough to fight back against animals."

"Smart? Plants can't think, of course, but that doesn't mean they are helpless. Let me tell you about the wild potato. When its leaves are attacked by aphids, the leaves release a chemical that is similar to one used by the aphids themselves when they are alarmed.

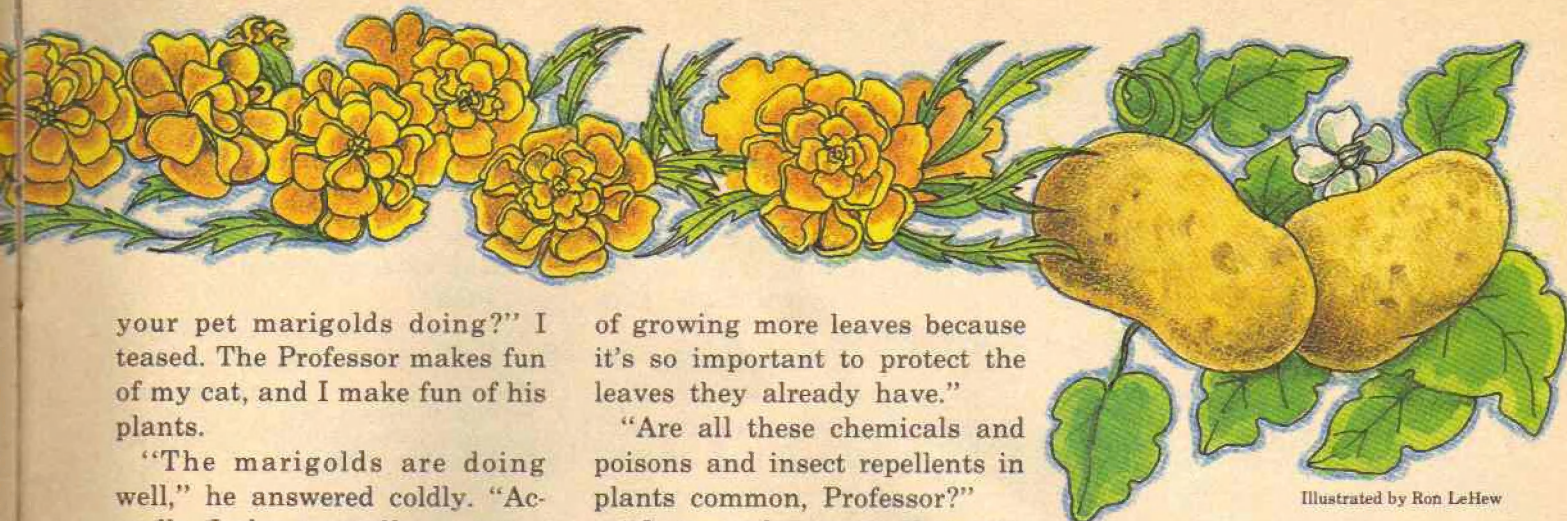
"If we could translate the chemical message into English," he added, "it might say something like this: 'Attention all aphids! Danger, danger! Get away while you can!' So the aphids scurry about frantically, trying to escape. And they forget all about eating the potato plant."

"You're kidding me. The potato plant can fool the aphids that way?" I asked.

"Yes indeed. That's pretty wonderful, don't you think?"

"Yes," I agreed. "But you think anything to do with plants is wonderful. By the way, how are





your pet marigolds doing?" I teased. The Professor makes fun of my cat, and I make fun of his plants.

"The marigolds are doing well," he answered coldly. "Actually, I plan to stuff a mattress with them for my camping trip next month."

I was speechless.

"Marigold leaves contain a chemical that bugs don't like. And, since I don't like bugs, I plan to sleep with my marigolds," the Professor explained.

I finally stopped laughing long enough to ask, "Where do plants get these chemicals, anyway?"

"The plants themselves manufacture them. Sometimes they make these compounds instead

of growing more leaves because it's so important to protect the leaves they already have."

"Are all these chemicals and poisons and insect repellents in plants common, Professor?"

"Common? Listen! Virtually every species of plant defends itself using chemicals it makes. Not all are deadly poisons, of course. And some things are not very poisonous to big animals such as ourselves. The *nicotine* in tobacco, the *caffeine* in coffee and tea, the *sinalbin* that gives mustard its zip, the *capsaicin* in hot red peppers that makes your mouth burn—these compounds are so unpleasant to most small animals that the plant is pretty safe from them.

"But then human beings come along, and some actually like these things in small quantities. Humans are funny creatures," he added smugly.

"How about a cup of tea and a chili-pepper sandwich, Professor?

You're making me hungry."

"Very funny. Did you know," the Professor continued, "that some of our most important medicines are made by plants? We treat malaria with a chemical from a tree. And one of our most powerful pain-killers comes from a poppy. They're all poisons, mind you, but in tiny amounts they are useful as medicines."

Callahan, purring loudly, made herself at home in the Professor's lap. "At least plants are useful," he said, glaring at my cat.

"But your marigolds can't purr," I pointed out.

"No, and they don't shed fur all over my lap, either."

"I treat Callahan with respect. I wouldn't stuff a mattress with her, at least."

"You could. She's got enough fur to stuff *three* mattresses."

This is the way we tease each other. But the Professor really does care about Callahan. Before he left, he said to me, "Put that philodendron someplace where she won't bother it. And don't let her eat *any* houseplant. Most of them will make her sick."

I dreamed that night about smart potatoes and people-poking cacti. That's what comes from knowing a plant person.

Illustrated by Ron LeHew





# Riddles

Selected by Our Readers

1. What two letters do teeth hate the most?

*Kimberly Ann Schlangen—Alabama*

2. What goes around the world but doesn't move?

*LaTanya Renee Murphy—Maryland*

3. What did the Cinderella fish wear to the ball?

*Denise Del Conte—Texas*

4. What do ships eat for breakfast?

*David and Michael Cosand—Arizona*

5. What did they give to the man who invented the door knocker?

*Rob Ristagno—New York*

6. What is a cat's favorite play?

*Matthew Tyers—Montana*

7. What did the limestone say to the geologist?

*Chris Miller—Georgia*

8. Who eats spinach and makes suits?

*Drew Powell—England*

Answers:

1. d-k. 2. The equator. 3. Glass flippers. 4. Boatmeal. 5. The No-bell Prize. 6. Ro-meow and Juliet. 7. "Don't take me for granite." 8. Popeye the Tailor Man.

## Goofus and Gallant



Goofus rushes around the store with a shopping cart.



"You can go ahead of me, Mrs. Grover."



When things don't go smoothly for Goofus, he gives up.




"This isn't going right. I'd better read the instructions again."







# Danny's Mother's Shoes


By Toby Speed




Danny followed his mother's red  shoes.


He followed her red  shoes up  steps, down  steps, and in and out of  stores. Danny's



mother carried lots of  packages.

The  packages covered her face. But





Danny could still see her red  shoes.



Danny was tired, but he followed her red



shoes into  one more  store. Suddenly,







Danny couldn't see his  mother. He looked

this way and that. He saw  shoes on  tables,





shoes on  shelves.

"Here I am,  Danny," said his  mother.

"My red  shoes are in this  box."



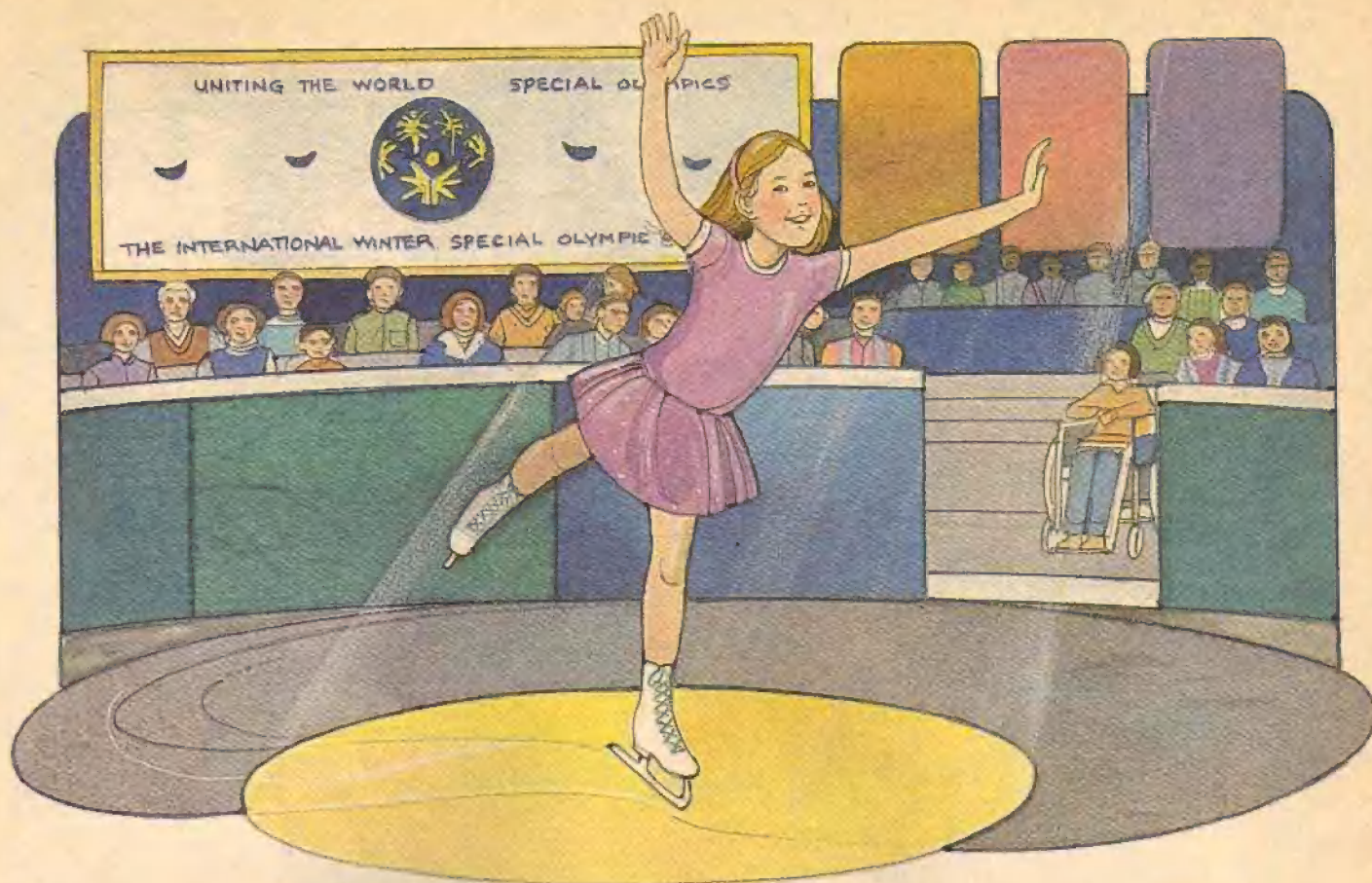
Danny smiled and took the  box. Then he

followed his mother's new blue  sneakers all the

way home from the  shoe  store.







# Happy Skates

By Diane Burns

The skating rink is a big cookie-shape with people clumped like frosting around it. I'm ready to skate my Dance of the Toys. My feet can't help jiggling. My stomach jiggles, too.

"Our second skater is Mavie Brown." The announcer's voice booms loud enough to crack the ice.

My coach, Miss Jordan, hugs me and says, "Go, Happy Skates. No Show-Off Skates today."

Show-Off Skates can make me fall. Happy Skates don't. But sometimes I can't tell the difference until I stumble.

I step onto the ice, and the cold air kisses my face. The same bright light that followed the first skater is following me. It's warm,

like Miss Jordan's voice. Everyone is watching me. It's *my* turn!

The music starts. *Ta-Tum! Ta-Tum!* I am a toy soldier skating to stiff drum music. I skate forward, then backward. I swivel on one skate. Back and forth I march. Happy Skates are careful skates, so I only wobble a little. The crowd cheers. My Happy Skates go faster.

Skate, glide. Toy-soldier music changes to jewelry-box music. I circle my arms over my head and skate on one foot. I stretch the other foot behind me. I am a dancing-doll ballerina. The crowd cheers louder, and my skates speed along.

Now I am a toy bunny, hopping to bouncy music. The bright light

hops with me. The crowd claps, and I turn too fast toward the center of the ice. Those Show-Off Skates make me sit down hard! When I try to get up, I fall down again. And again. Maybe it doesn't hurt a toy bunny's knee to go bump on the ice, but it hurts mine. The crowd holds its breath and waits. My music zooms on, flying like a toy airplane. But my dance isn't flying anymore.

Slowly, I stand up. The crowd whistles and claps. Very carefully, I start to skate. I circle once around the whole cookie-rink, rubbing my knee. My skate blades sing: "Happy . . . skates . . . happy . . . skates." They will not show off anymore. I am glad of that, but now it is too



late. My music is finished. Because of Show-Off Skates, I have missed my toy airplane dance.

Everyone thinks I am done because my music is done. They will be sad that I skated only three toy dances when I wanted to do four. But my skates have a surprise for everyone. The bright light follows me out to the middle of the ice.

I glide carefully on my Happy Skates. When I am going fast, but not *too* fast, I start to twirl. The crowd blurs together like a merry-go-round. Around and around I spin. My skate blades crunch into the ice. The wind whistles music in my ears. My arms catch the warm, bright light. Happy Skates twirl! I twirl! I am a twirling toy top!

Too soon, the wonderful spin is over. My knee still hurts, but I



bow anyway before I leave the ice. The crowd's cheering wraps me in a giant hug. I have Happy Skates on my feet and a happy smile on my face.

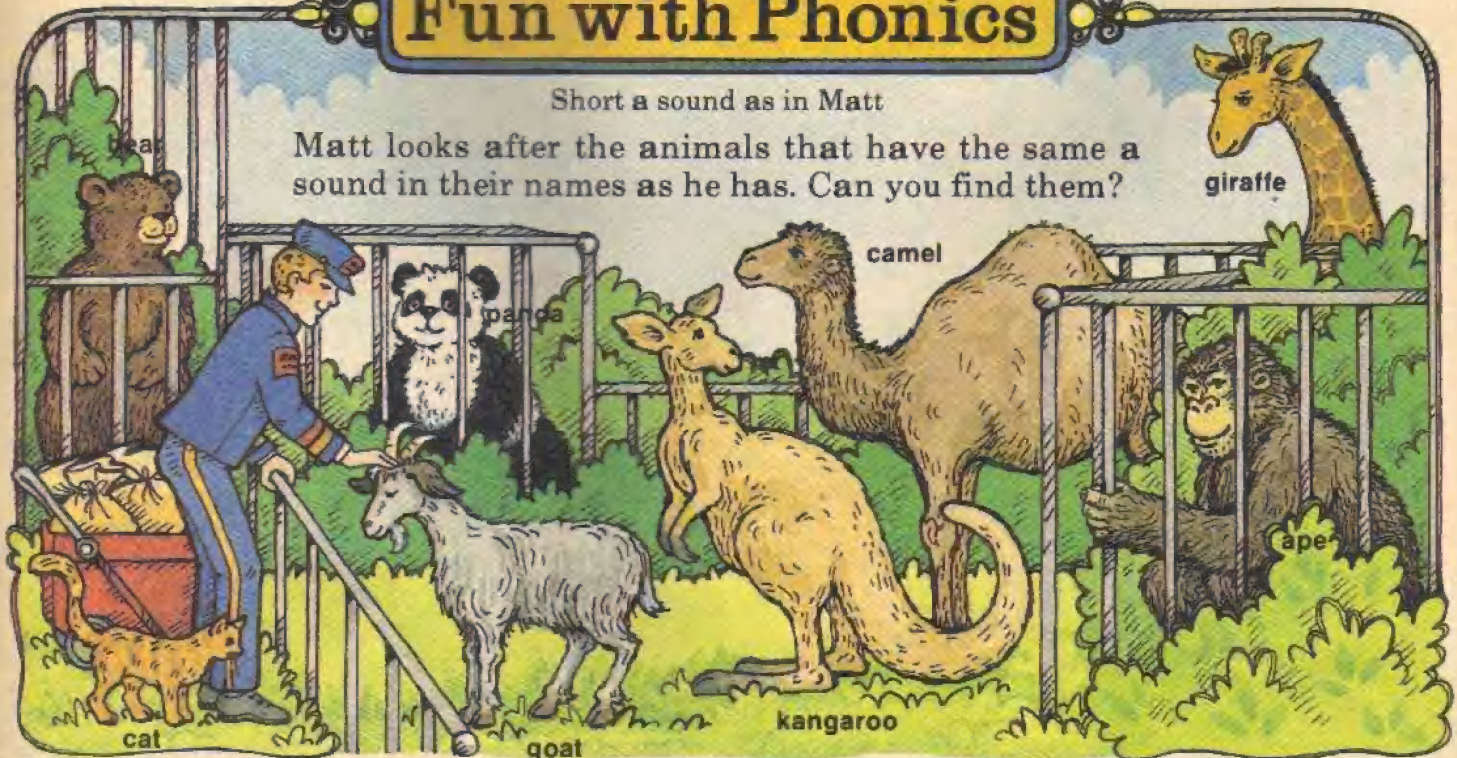
The next skater glides onto the ice. Her skates are jiggling, just the way mine did. I know all about jiggling feet.

"Go, Happy Skates!" I yell.

## Fun with Phonics

Short a sound as in Matt

Matt looks after the animals that have the same a sound in their names as he has. Can you find them?



Illustrated by Sue Parnell



# Hidden Pictures

Rabbit Takes a Ride



In this big picture find the hanger, pencil, toothbrush, turtle, horse, mouse, scissors, feather, butterfly, fish, hourglass, snail, paintbrush, and goose.



"Thanks for sharing your umbrella. I don't like getting wet."

"That's OK. I know you would do the same for me."



Can you find these  
**Hidden Pictures**  
on page 14?



## Mind-Boggling Box

On a sheet of paper, draw the grid and numbers as shown. Fill in each box with a number from one through nine (use each number once) so that each row adds up to the number in the right column and each column adds up to the number in the bottom row. You should find that the diagonal column from the upper left corner to the lower right corner adds up to seventeen, too!

?	?	?	17
?	?	?	15
?	?	?	13
14	16	15	17

Answers on page 42.

## Limerick

By Marileta Robinson

There once was a baker named Meyer,  
Who wanted his cakes to rise higher.  
He added some yeast  
(Forty cupsful at least),  
Now his cakes rise higher than Meyer.





# Jacob Lawrence

## Painter of the American Scene

By Kathleen Stevens

**H**ow far would you walk to learn about something that interested you? When he was young, Jacob Lawrence often walked more than sixty blocks from his home in the Harlem section of New York City to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Jacob wanted to be an artist, and he believed that studying the famous paintings hanging in that museum would help him.

The year was 1930. The depression had brought hard times. Many people were out of work, and money was tight. The families who lived in Harlem suffered greatly from the depression, but still the streets were filled with energy and color.

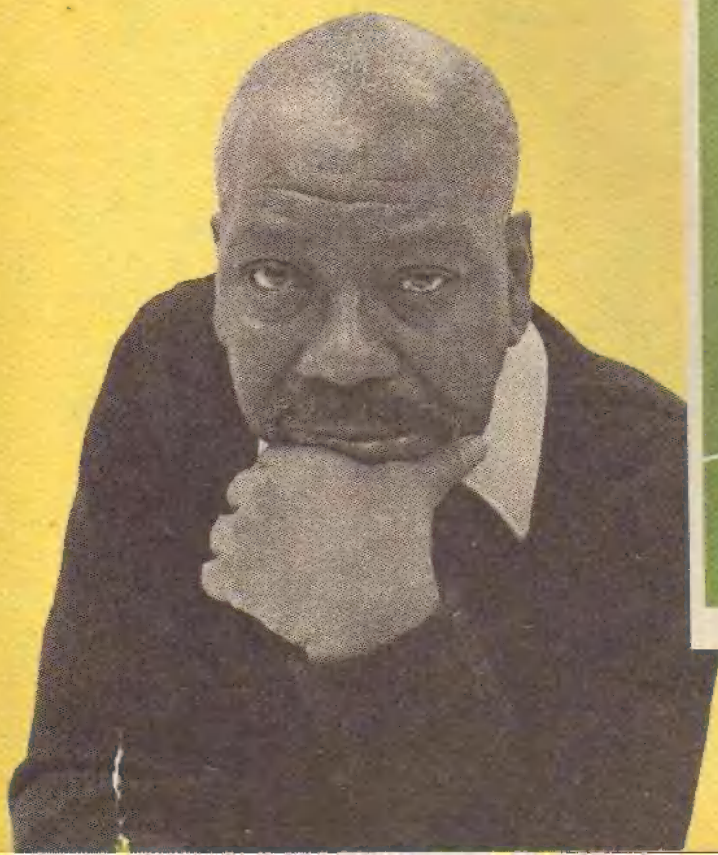
As he walked through Harlem, Jacob noticed the people on the stoops and sidewalks. He looked hard at the churches

and pool halls, the funeral parlors and barbershops. Jacob stored those images in his mind, along with the images of paintings he saw in the museum.

Jacob came from a poor family. His mother believed there was little chance that her son could



Study for the Munich Olympic Games Poster, 1972





grow up to be a successful painter. She wanted him to aim for something more practical. But Jacob's teacher in an after-school art program saw that the youngster was talented. Charles Alston showed him how to use poster paints and crayons to make papier-mâché masks and cardboard stage sets.

As time passed, Alston let Jacob rent work space in his own studio. That studio was an exciting place for a young black man struggling to become an artist. Many creative people gathered there to talk about art and literature and history.

From these conversations, Jacob learned that history books often ignored the accomplishments of black people. He decided to paint a series of pictures dramatizing the story of a black hero. He chose Toussaint L'Ouverture, a slave from the Caribbean island of Haiti, who had helped free his people from French rule.

Many people admired Lawrence's pictures, but he needed more than admiration. To help his family, he often had to work at jobs that took him away from painting. Then something encouraging happened. The government set up the Federal Art Project to help struggling artists survive the depression, and a sculptor named Augusta Savage got Lawrence a job with the

project. For eighteen months, Lawrence was paid a salary to paint pictures. For the first time, he felt like a professional artist.

During his participation in the project, Lawrence painted two more series, using Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman as his subjects. Frederick Douglass was an ex-slave who became a famous writer and a powerful antislavery speaker. Harriet Tubman escaped from slavery herself, then returned to the South to lead other slaves to freedom. In his powerful paintings Lawrence made the stories of these brave people come alive.

In a third series, *The Migration of the Negro*, Lawrence painted pictures that showed how thousands of black people left farms in the South during World War I to look for jobs in northern cities. *Fortune* magazine printed twenty-six of those pictures in 1941, the first time a national magazine had devoted so much space to a black artist.

That same year Lawrence married Gwendolyn Knight. On their honeymoon in New Orleans, Lawrence received exciting news. A New York art gallery wanted to represent his paintings. Until then, no black artist had ever been offered the chance to sell his work regularly through a major gallery.

Back home in New York, Lawrence created a new series of Harlem paintings. In these paintings he put the busy streets, cold-water apartments, and crowded nightclubs he remembered from his youth.

When the U.S. entered World War II, Lawrence was drafted into the Coast Guard, where he continued painting as a Coast Guard artist. His ship was the first U.S. military vessel that combined blacks and whites as crew members. Lawrence said later that the USS *Sea Cloud* gave him the best experience of democracy he had ever known.

Lawrence returned home to find that his paintings were winning prizes and attention

Continued on next page



*Migration of the Negro; Panel No. 1, 1940-1941*





*Road to M'Barl, 1964*

Continued from page 17

from the critics. He was invited to illustrate books and also to teach at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. All that success put pressure on Lawrence. Realizing that he needed help, Lawrence entered a mental hospital.

During his eight months of treatment, Lawrence produced a series of paintings showing what it was like to be mentally ill in a hospital ward. Lawrence learned much about himself during this time. He was again ready to move forward as a painter.

In the years since, Lawrence has led an interesting life. He has taught in art schools and universities, and his work has received many honors. He has traveled as far as Nigeria.

In 1971 Lawrence moved with his wife to the Northwest so he could accept a teaching position at the University of Washington. They have lived in Seattle ever since.

During these years of travel and teaching, Jacob Lawrence has been painting steadily, producing easel paintings, posters, murals, and illustrations for books. Most of his subjects spring from the American scene.

Because he finds libraries so helpful when he does research, Lawrence has painted pictures set in libraries. Because he admires builders and their tools, he has painted many pictures of workers. Our society has changed since Lawrence was a child. Now people of all colors, men and women, work side by side. Lawrence's paintings show them that way.

When he was young, Jacob Lawrence stood in front of the paintings on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum and dreamed of becoming an artist. Today, he is one of the most famous artists in the country. His own paintings hang in many museums—including the Metropolitan.



## What's in the Jar?

By Arleen Wixtrom

Can you tell which fruit or vegetable on the left belongs in each jar on the right?



tomatoes



cucumbers



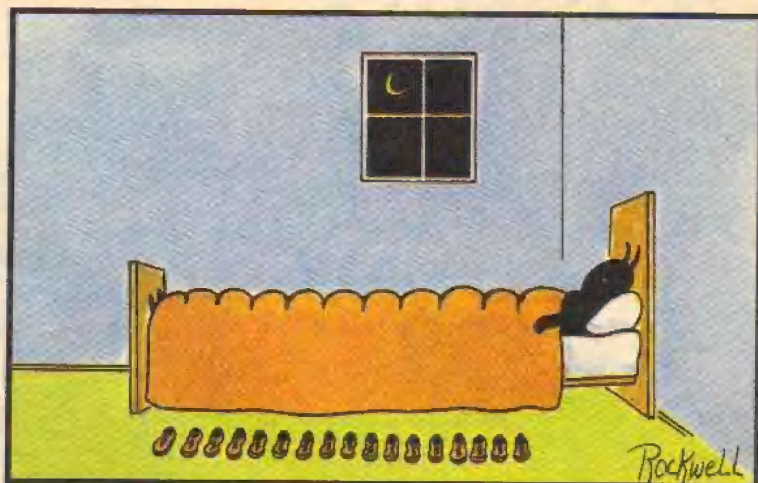
strawberries



peanuts



cabbage



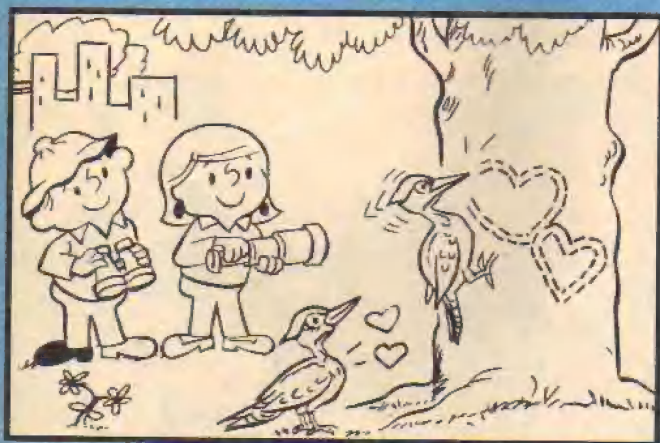
## Flip-Flops

What's the difference between:

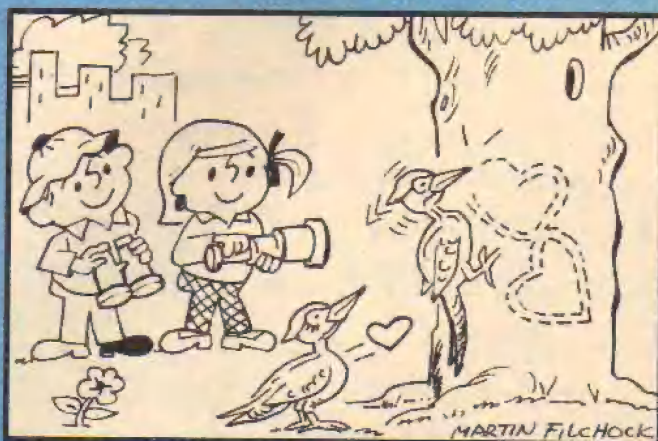
- |                 |                      |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| a pancake       | and a cake pan?      |
| a flower garden | and a garden flower? |
| a trail bike    | and a bike trail?    |
| shoe leather    | and a leather shoe?  |
| a dogsled       | and a sled dog?      |
| a player piano  | and a piano player?  |
| a sale sign     | and a sign sale?     |

How many more flip-flops can you think of?

## Check...



## and Double Check



There are at least fourteen differences in the two pictures. How many can you find?



# Thinking

Look at each of these captions in a family photo album.

Do you think the caption is correct? Why or why not?



What might you find if you went through each entrance?  
Where might you find friends?  
Learn most? Be in danger?  
Which would you most like to go through?



Great Uncle Joseph, Age 110



Cousin Phyllis, 3-minute mile



Dad's Eel Pie, 1<sup>st</sup> prize



Great Grandpa's First Car, 1889

Which of these can be found in most parts of the world?  
In very few regions?  
Which cannot survive cold weather?  
Hot weather?  
Which eat only one kind of food?  
Which have animal enemies?  
Which are endangered by humans?







By Betsy Sueltenfuss

Ginger Cat saw Miss Fluff at the market. "Thank you for asking me to your party, Miss Fluff. I will be happy to come."

"Wonderful!" said Miss Fluff. She put a big fish in her basket. "We will have fresh fish at the party," she said.

Ginger asked, "Is there anything I can bring?"

"There is one thing you may bring," Miss Fluff replied. "You may bring a friend."

"Oh?" Ginger was surprised. Miss Fluff always gave big parties. Royal parties, the other cats called them. Why would she want another guest?

"You see," Miss Fluff explained, "one of my friends has a terrible sore throat and cannot come. Now there will be thirteen of us, and thirteen is

an unlucky number. So will you bring a friend?" she asked.

"Of course," answered Ginger Cat politely. But as Ginger started walking home, she began to worry. "Who will I ask?" she wondered. "Miss Fluff is such a royal cat. I must ask someone I can be proud of."

Ginger knew the story of Miss Fluff's great-great-grandfather. He had lived with the Duke of Eppleworth at Castle Dorvant. It was well known that he was the Duke's favored cat. But no one knew what position he had held.

Some cats said he must have been the Duke's carriage cat, riding grandly in the royal coach. Others guessed he was the hearth cat, curling royally around his master's feet.

In any case, Ginger knew Miss Fluff was from a royal line indeed.

Ginger stopped to see her friend William. She explained her problem and asked, "Do you think I should ask Andrew, the barbershop cat?"

Ginger had met Andrew only once. But he had attractive gray markings.

Continued on next page





Continued from page 21

Ginger thought his well-groomed looks would befit a royal party.

"No," William advised. "He is quite vain about his looks. And sometimes his language is not fit for delicate ears."

Ginger Cat started toward home again. She stopped at the train station. Angel, the station cat, listened to her problem. "Perhaps I will ask Beatrice, the new cat," said Ginger. "She is very elegant."

"Too elegant!" Angel sniffed. "She thinks she is too refined for dull village life." Angel flicked her tail in disgust. "She told me so yesterday when she bought a train ticket. She is moving back to the city."



As Ginger continued on her way, she saw her friend Rascal sunning on his front porch. He stretched and yawned as Ginger explained her problem. "Do you think I should ask Cappy? He once spent a summer on a fishing boat. He would have exciting stories to tell everyone."



"No," said Rascal. "He is so proud of his stories that he never lets anyone else talk."

Ginger walked on to the farmhouse where she lived. When she came to the barn, she went inside and called, "Sticker, are you here?"

"In the hayloft," a voice called. A black-and-white cat peered down. "What can I do for you, Miss Ginger?"

Old Sticker looked hot and tired. His hair stood up in tufts. Ginger could tell he had been busy chasing mice.

"I'm sorry to stop you when you are working," she began.

Sticker smiled and said politely, "I always have time for my friends."

"Yes, I know," Ginger agreed happily. "And you are not vain. Your speech is mannerly. You do not think yourself too good for village life. You give others a chance to speak. And





you tell the best mouse-catching stories of all! Would you like to go to Miss Fluff's party with me?"

Sticker laughed. "Me at Miss Fluff's party? A royal cat like that having an old mouser like me at her party?"

"Of course," Ginger insisted. "Will you go?"

At first Sticker was not sure. "What do I know about royal parties?" he asked nervously. "How should I act? What would I say?"

Ginger laughed. "You worry too much."

Then Sticker laughed, too. "You are right. I will go to the party. And I will just be myself—Old Sticker."

**T**he next day they went to the party. Nearly all of Ginger's friends were there—William, Angel, Rascal, and many others.

When Miss Fluff met Sticker, she

was so happy. "A mouser!" she cried. "How wonderful! My great-great-grandfather was a mouser for the Duke of Eppleworth. Great-great-grandfather had an important job. A very important job. Like yours, Mr. Sticker."

The Duke's most favored cat, a mouser? Ginger thought happily, why, even a mouser can be a royal cat!

Old Sticker's green eyes gleamed with pride. He bowed deeply and said, "You are most kind, My Lady. And if I may ever be of service to you, Miss Fluff, you must call on me."

Miss Fluff smiled graciously. "And now for the party. We will eat and dance. And afterward, perhaps Mr. Sticker will entertain us with some mouse tales."

The cats applauded and cheered. But Ginger was the happiest of all. She had invited the perfect guest.



# Aborigines Were My Teachers

By John R. Conway

**O**ne summer I went to Australia to study a kind of honey ant. I learned a lot more than I had bargained for.

I had studied honey ants that live in the American Southwest for about ten years. I paid special attention to worker ants called repletes, which become living storage tanks for nectar. Other workers bring nectar, collected at night from yuccas and from galls on scrub oaks, to the repletes. These swollen ants store the nectar in their abdomens, which get as large as a small grape. When the nectar season is over, the whole colony lives on nectar that the repletes regurgitate to other members of the colony.

The sweet repletes were considered a delicacy by Indians in the Southwest, and were eaten by holding the ant's head between the fingers and nipping off the honey-filled abdomen with the teeth.

To find Australian honey ants, I had to go to the dry, central part of Australia called the Outback. Not many people live there.

The original people of Australia are known as aborigines. Most of them now live in towns and cities, but a few still live in the wild, gathering plants and hunting animals. They were the only ones who could help me



Repletes, like the ones above, are important members of ant society. They store nectar for the whole colony in their swollen abdomens.

locate the honey ants.

When I arrived in Alice Springs, the main city in the Outback, I made arrangements to camp with an aboriginal family that helped me find the ants and showed me some ways to survive in the wild. Jakamara was the father of the family. His wife was Nabaljari, and their son was Chungala.

Our campsite consisted of a circular brush windbreak around two fires. Jakamara and his

family slept on the ground between the campfires, covered only with a blanket. I slept in a tent under several blankets, because July is midwinter in Australia and the nights are cold. I was amazed that the aborigines, who were often barefoot and wearing little clothing, could stand the cold. One explanation is that their whole bodies have become like our faces, which usually are not covered in winter, yet are not uncomfortably cold.

In Australia, honey ants are reported to get their nectar either from red scale insects that cover mulga trees for a while in the spring, or from flowers. Unfortunately I was not able to watch the honey ants gather nectar, because they don't search for much food in the winter.

Jakamara told me that his people may eat as many as fifty repletes at a time, but that they dig up only part of each nest, then move on to another. That way they don't destroy the ant colonies. Digging them up creates no danger because, like their counterparts in the United States, Australian honey ants do not bite hard or sting. We found the first Australian repletes in their nests at a depth of about eleven inches, roughly the same depth as the first repletes in American nests.

The Australian honey ants are



darker in color than the ones I studied in the American Southwest. The repletes are slightly larger and a little sweeter.

**D**uring my study, Jakamara and his family showed me other organisms their people use for food. Another insect they eat is the witchetty grub, the larva of a moth that burrows into the roots of witchetty (*Acacia*) trees. The grubs are nutritious (each is 60 percent protein) and easy to find, since they are in the trees year-round and are never deeper than eight inches. They apparently do not harm the plant very much, even though up to thirty grubs may be taken from one tree.

Chungala was especially fond of the grubs and usually ate them raw. Another way to eat grubs, which I prefer, is to toast them lightly in the ashes of the campfire. The roasted grubs have a taste somewhat like corn.

Aborigines can locate animals that live deep in the ground and are consumed to provide them with food and water. Nabaljari located the home of a lizard called a goanna, dug it out of its burrow, and took it back to camp where it was roasted whole on the coals. It had already been eaten by the family when I returned.

Another burrowing animal Jakamara showed me was a water-holding frog. The frog, which makes a cocoonlike chamber in a hole up to two feet deep, stores water in its bladder and body cavity to tide it over during dry periods. It comes out of the ground only after a rain, when it breeds in temporary pools and creeks. These frogs are used as a source of drinking water for the

aborigines during droughts.

Jakamara and his family are wary of dangerous organisms in the wild. They are careful to avoid the redback spider, which is highly poisonous and closely related to the black widow of North America. I also saw a harmless redheaded trap-door spider, which Jakamara killed by mistake. The male redheaded trap-door, one of the most beautiful of the Australian spiders, is often believed to be poisonous due



Witchetty grubs are a nutritious snack for Chungala (above) and for the author (below).



to its ferocious disposition and red color.

I encountered bulldog ants, large primitive ants about three-



Nabaljari locates a goanna lizard, which will be roasted on coals and eaten by her family.

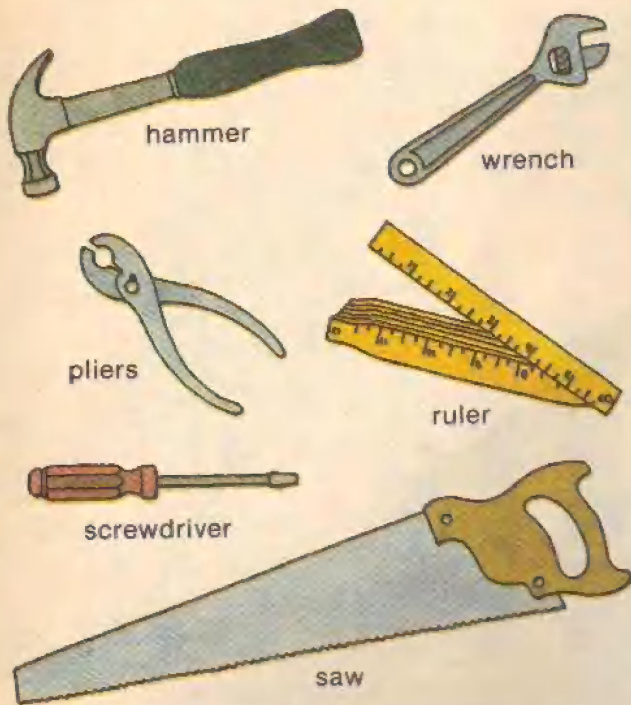
quarters of an inch long. Well-known for their fierceness, they can sting and bite. When I asked Jakamara for a closer look, he waved a branch over the entrance of a nest, and they came charging out in all directions. Several went up my legs as I tried to photograph them, and I felt a painful sting through my sock before I managed to knock the ants off.

From my stay with Jakamara and his family, I learned that the native people have a remarkable understanding of nature around them. They saw tracks, burrows, and signs of life where I saw nothing at all, and they made good use of plants and animals that I didn't even know about. For the first time, I realized how much modern man can learn about the living world from these so-called "primitive" people.



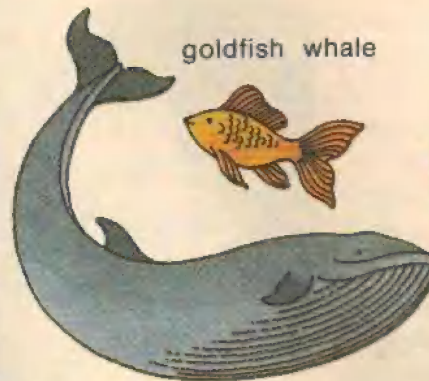
# For Wee Folks

In each pair, which can stand more cold?

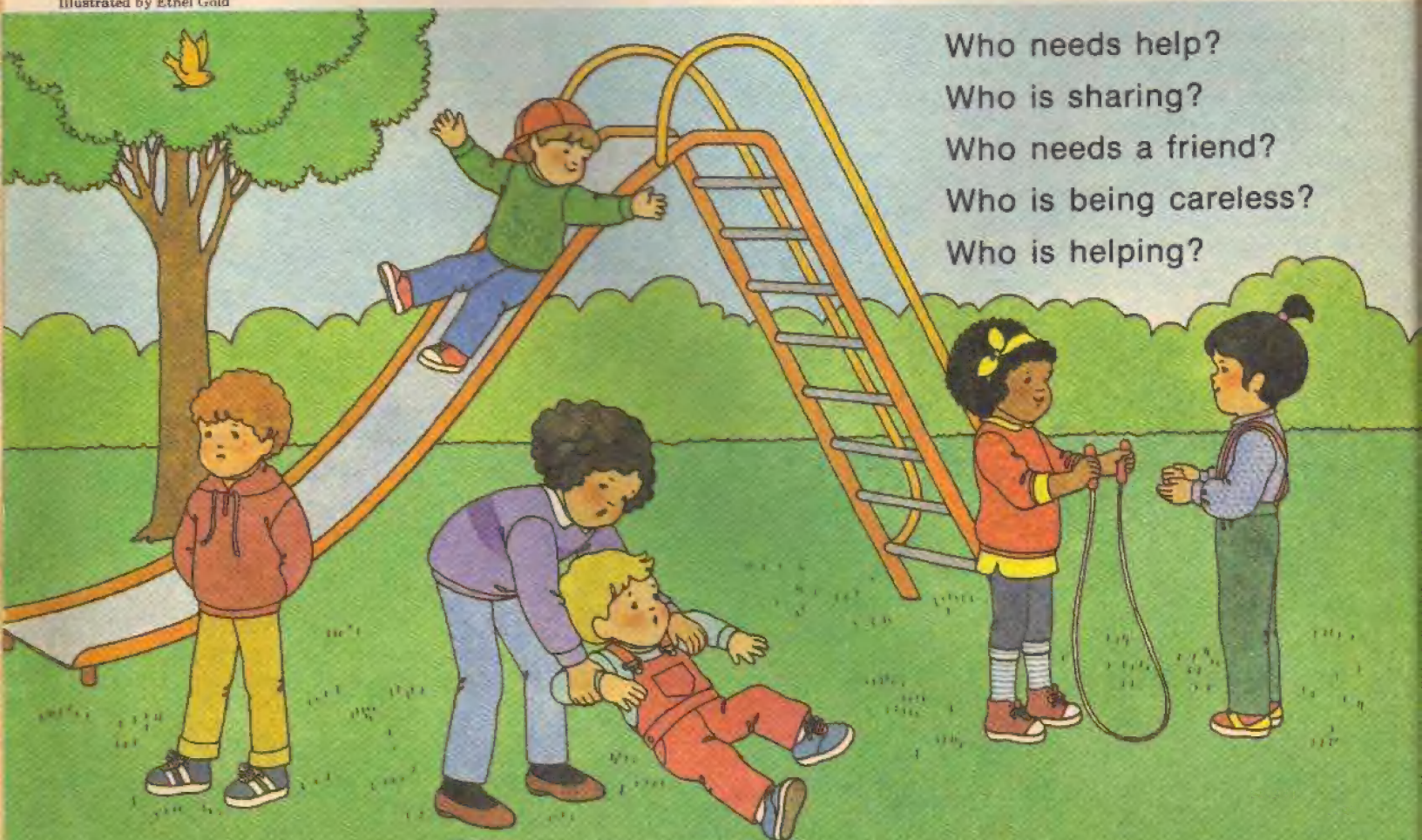


What is each tool used for?

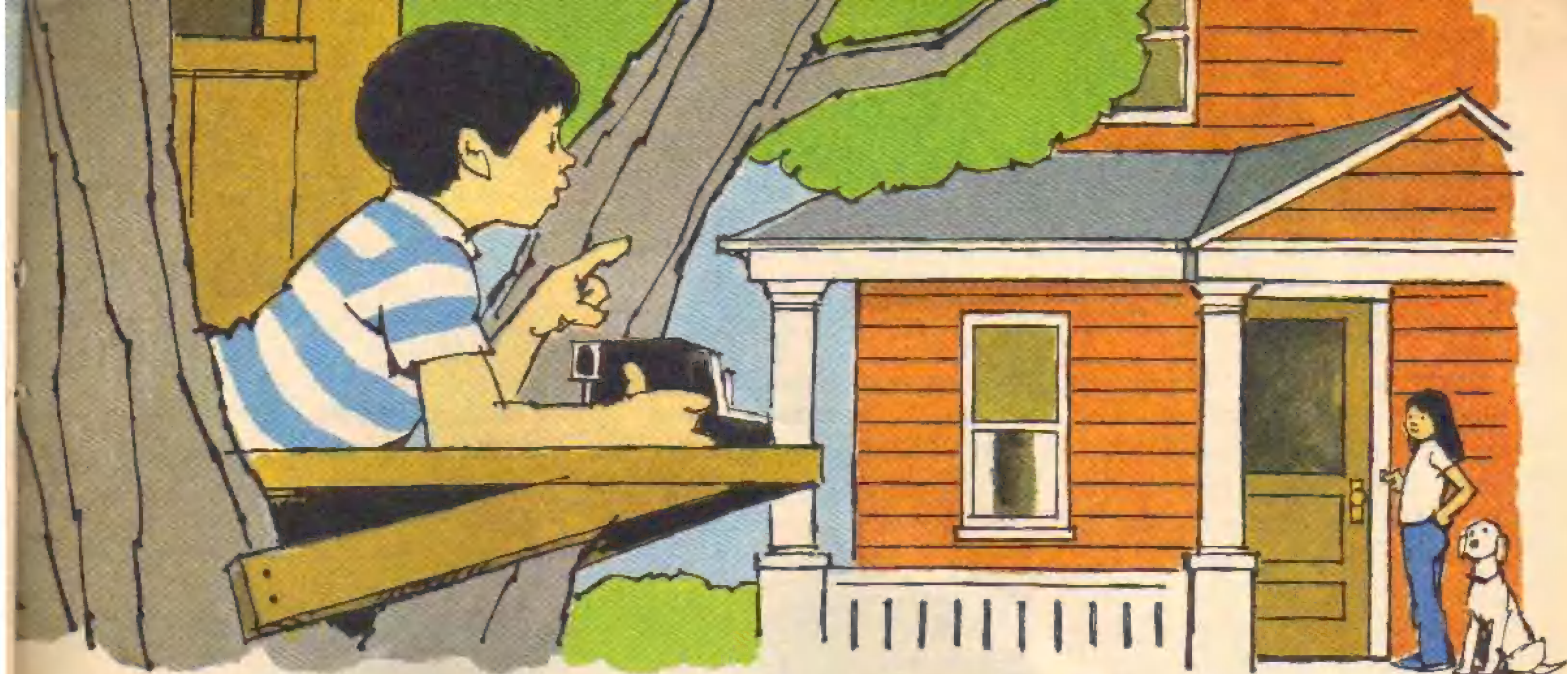
Illustrated by Ethel Gold



Who needs help?  
 Who is sharing?  
 Who needs a friend?  
 Who is being careless?  
 Who is helping?







# The Ghostly Bell Ringer

By Jeanette Brown

*Ring! Ring!*

Andy hurried to the front door. "There's no one here," he called to his mother. The front steps were empty.

"Again! I'm getting tired of this," said his mother, glancing outside. "That's about the tenth time in the past week that someone has rung the bell and disappeared."

"At least it's not so late this time," said Andy. "It's usually after ten at night." He closed the door.

"It's odd that Scamp didn't bark," said his mother. "He was right there in the yard. It must be one of your friends—someone we know."

"Nobody I know would do that!" said Andy indignantly. "I haven't got that kind of a friend."

"Then it has to be a ghost!" Andy's sister Sarah said, and laughed. "I did see something white last night, and of course Scamp couldn't smell a ghost."

That night Andy decided to catch the bell ringer. He needed

a plan. His friend Bill lived right across the street. He could help watch. But it would take just as long to phone Bill when the doorbell rang as it would to get to the front door. It had to be something faster.

The tree house! If he slept there, he'd have a good view of the front door. As long as it was summer, his mother let him sleep up there almost whenever he wanted to.

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## **Andy needed a plan to catch the bell ringer.**

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Of course, it might be hard to see very clearly if it was dark. There should be some way of seeing who the bell ringer was.

The next morning Andy consulted his father. "Could I use your Polaroid camera with the flash? If I could just get a picture of our bell ringer, we'd have proof."

At first his father said no, but finally he agreed. "Be careful

with it. Don't break the camera or fall out of the tree house," he said.

Andy enlisted Sarah's help. "I need to set it up just right. You stand by the front door and put your finger on the bell, and I'll focus on the right spot."

While Sarah posed, Andy got the camera all set. He anchored it firmly to the platform of the tree house. "Sarah, you'll have to signal me from inside with a flashlight when the bell rings. I can't hear it from up here."

That night Andy curled up on the platform. He lay awake for a long time, watching Sarah's window, but nothing happened. He kept worrying that Sarah would fall asleep but finally fell asleep himself. The next thing he knew, it was morning. The bell ringer must have skipped a night. He climbed down the laddered steps and found his mother in the kitchen.

"The bell didn't ring last night, did it?" he asked.

"Oh yes, it did! Just as usual,

*Continued on next page*



only later. About midnight. And Scamp never barked." She frowned. "I even looked around the yard for something ghostly. And I saw that glimpse of something white again."

Sarah appeared, rubbing her eyes, just in time to hear. She and Andy looked at each other. They didn't say anything, but they both wondered if it *could* be a ghost.

That night they tried Plan Number Two. In order to keep each other awake, Andy tied one end of a long cord to Sarah's finger and the other end to his own thumb. They would take turns jerking on the cord to keep each other awake.

Andy climbed into the tree house, fastened the camera securely again, and focused it on the front door. He settled down for a long wait, his thumb on the ready. But he'd barely taken his position when a bright streak of light flashed into his eyes. Sarah was using the flashlight—on, off, on, off. Andy snapped a picture quickly. The flash worked beautifully. He could see a dim figure on the porch but couldn't make out who it was. By the time he clambered down the tree, the bell ringer was gone.

Sarah came dashing out the door. Scamp was there, too, running back and forth. "Did you get it?" she asked anxiously.

"I think so."

Eagerly they waited for the camera to develop its picture. Andy pulled it out with shaking fingers.

"Look!"

"No!" They both stared at the snapshot. "It can't be!"

But it was. There was Scamp, standing on his hind feet, poking

at the bell with his front paw, his white coat gleaming in the light of the camera flash.

"No wonder he didn't bark," said Sarah. "He wouldn't bark at himself!"

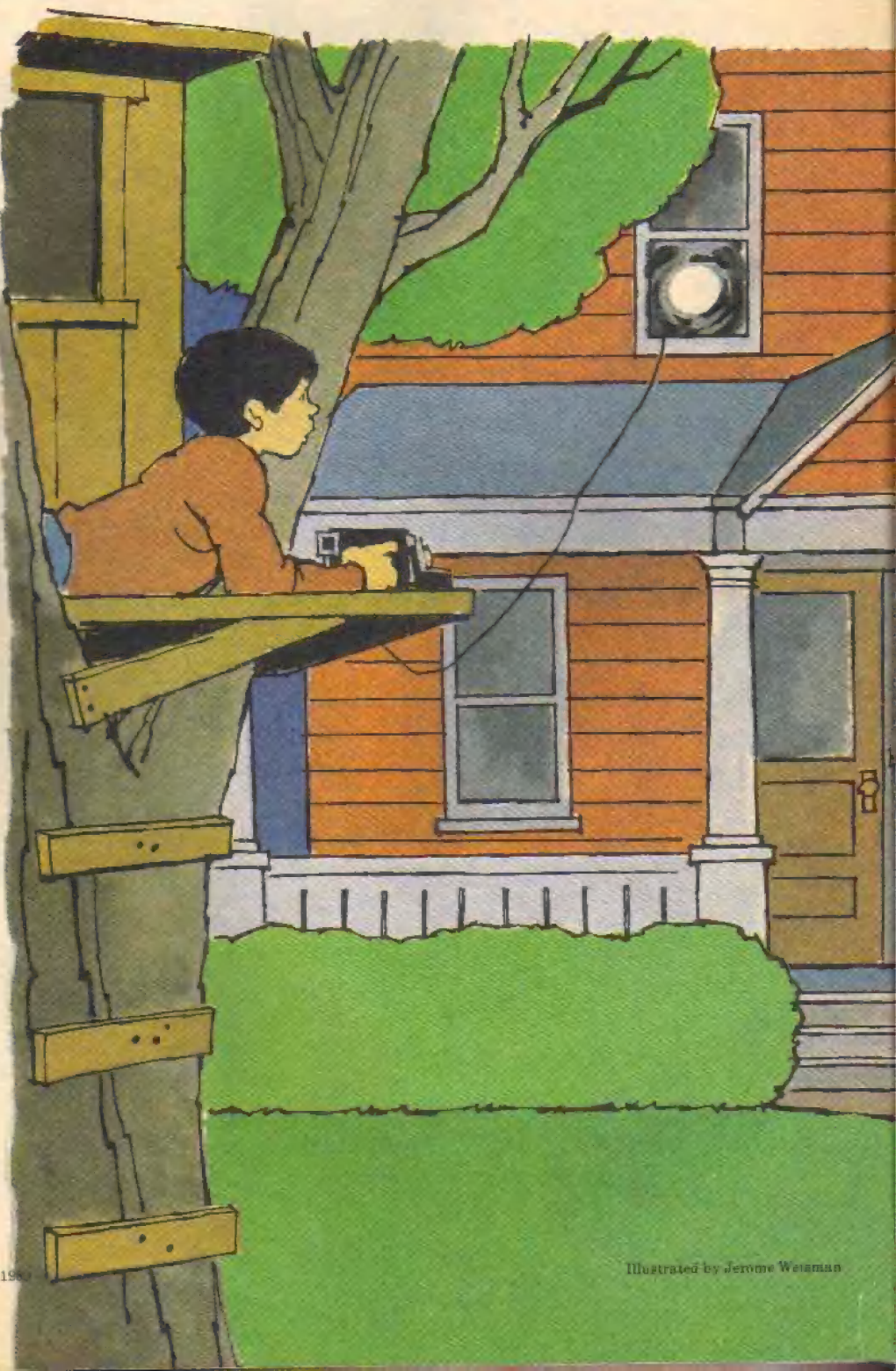
Andy stood thinking a minute. "Well, I don't blame him. He doesn't like being kept outside. It was much nicer for Scamp when he was a puppy and stayed inside

with us. He must have watched how visitors get into the house and copied them!"

Sarah agreed. "He's a smart dog!"

Andy rang the bell again and put his head in the doorway. "Mother, you were right! The bell ringer *is* someone we know!"

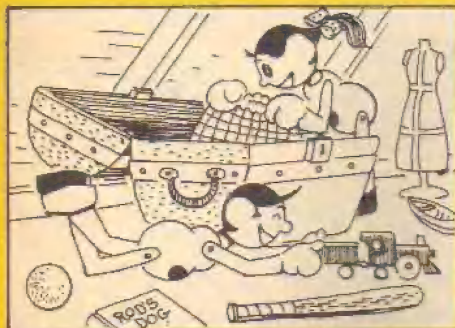
"Look, Mother," called Sarah. "Here's our ghost."



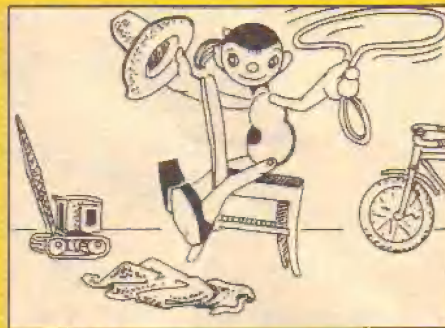


# THE TIMBERTOES

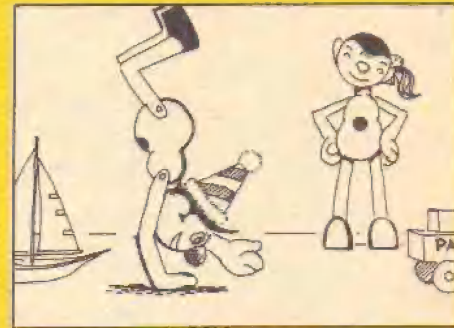
By Sidney Quinn



"It's fun to pretend."



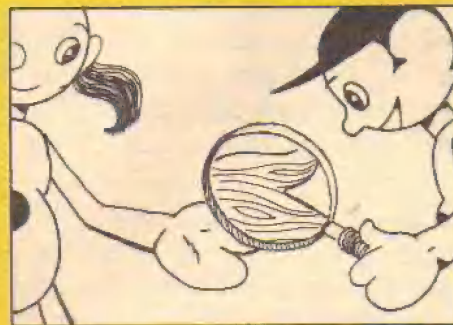
"Look! I'm a cowgirl!"



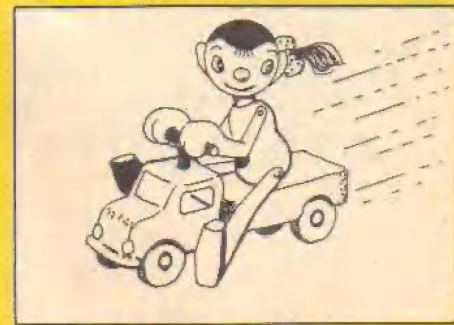
"Look! I'm a clown!"



"I'm a doctor."



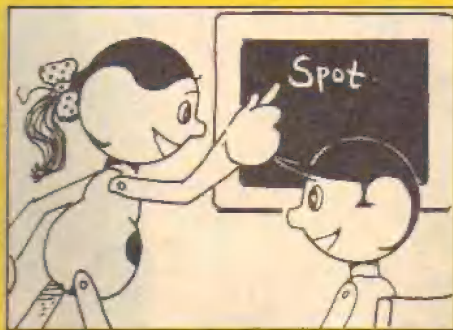
"I'm a scientist."



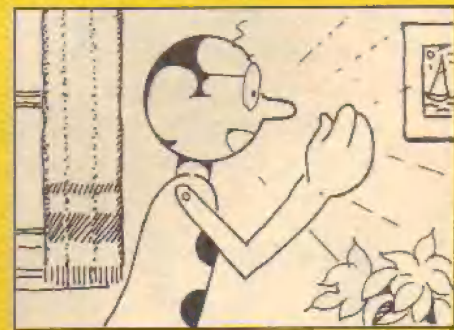
"I'm a truck driver!"



"I'm a baseball star!"



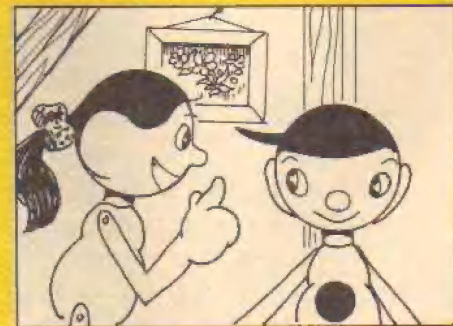
"I'm a teacher."



"Tommy! Mabel!"



"Pick up your toys."



"It's fun to pretend."



"But now we're kids again."



# Things to Make

## George Washington Wig

By Edna Harrington

Find a heavy brown paper bag that will fit on your head. Cut the bag in the shape of a wig, as shown in the picture. Cut out the shape of a ponytail from the leftover paper. Glue the ponytail to the back of the wig.

Spread a small amount of glue over a section of the wig shape, and then place cotton balls on top of it. Continue until all sections of the wig and ponytail are covered.

Tie a piece of black yarn or ribbon in a bow around the middle of the ponytail.



## Surprise Valentine Tube

By Patsy N. Zimmerman

Cut a piece off of an empty paper-towel tube, making the tube a little shorter. For a handle, tape one end of a piece of yarn, cord, or ribbon to each end of the tube.

Glue strips of red tissue paper around each end of the tube. Cut slits in the tissue to make it appear fringelike.

Cover the tube with glue and foil. Decorate by gluing on small hearts. Put little snacks or messages in the middle of the tube. Stuff the ends with crumpled tissue paper.



## Chalkboard Valentine

By Patsy N. Zimmerman

Glue black construction paper on top of an 8½-by-11-inch piece of cardboard. Then glue a small piece of yarn in the center of the top of the cardboard for a hanger. Make a border by cutting and gluing strips of colored construction paper around the edge.

Draw and cut out a heart from red construction paper, and write "Teacher" on it. Glue the heart to the border. With a white crayon, print "Happy Valentine's Day" on the black paper.



## Fork-Flower Corsage

By Mildred Grenier

Weave a piece of thick yarn, about two feet long, through a four-pronged fork to make the flowers. Starting at the base of the prongs, begin to weave in a figure 8 pattern by placing the yarn in front of the first two prongs. Then slip the yarn between the second and third prongs; wrap it behind the third and fourth prongs, then in front

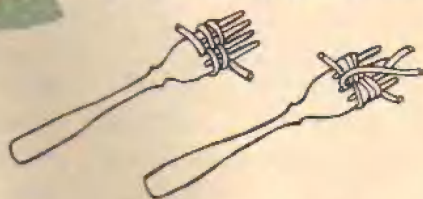
of them, back between the second and third prongs, behind the first and second prongs, in front of them, and so on. Continue until the fork is full of yarn.

Insert an 8-inch piece of green yarn below the wrapped yarn between the second and third prongs. Wrap the green yarn one time around all the yarn on the fork, and tie it loosely.

Slip all the yarn off the fork, and tighten the knot. Trim the excess yarn with scissors.

Make flowers in a variety of colors, and glue them to a small piece of cardboard. Glue green paper leaves in and around the flowers.

On the back of the cardboard, glue a safety pin to the corsage.



## Lincoln's Stovepipe Hat Bank

By Francis Wales

Spread glue on a salt box, and cover it with black paper. Trace around a saucer on a piece of black paper. Cut out the circle for the brim of the hat, and glue it to the bottom of the salt box.

In the top, cut a slit large enough for coins to fit through.

## A Big Valentine Hug

By Kathy Ross

Make a face on a plain paper plate by gluing pieces of yarn for the hair and drawing on eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

Cut a paper doily in half for a collar. Glue it to the bottom of the head. Cut a long strip of construction paper for arms. Draw and cut out paper

hands, and glue them to the arms. Cut two small paper doilies in half. Glue these to the arms on both sides to form cuffs.

Write a message below the collar so that the arms, when folded, will cover your message. Fold the arms over your valentine message.





# My Life as a Photojournalist

By Kim Butler

I could hardly believe it. I was sitting in one of the most dangerous spots on earth, taking pictures.

I was on the flight deck of the USS *Kennedy*, an aircraft carrier. I sat between two catapults that were like huge slingshots used to launch powerful jets into the sky.

I wore thick goggles to protect my eyes, a cranial helmet on my head, and an inflatable life-jacket vest called a float coat. A

naval officer, Captain Michael Sherman, sat behind me with his arms around my waist, to keep me from jumping up when planes took off. If I stood up, the jet wings would come much too close to my head.

A plane was in position. The pilot turned on his engines, and the noise was deafening. He performed last-minute equipment checks and moved the throttle forward. Now it was even noisier—too noisy to talk, almost too noisy to think. The flight deck officer saluted the pilot, who saluted back from the gold cockpit. That meant everything was ready for takeoff.

With a roar and a blast of wind that might put a hurricane to shame, the jet took off from the carrier deck, reaching a speed of 135 miles per hour in less than 300 feet. Then it zoomed into the wild blue yonder.

For half an hour, in the midst of wind, noise, and a flurry of planes, I took pictures of everything I saw. Most of the time, moving planes passed within ten or fifteen feet of me. It was like sitting on the runway at a busy airport. I felt scared but excited.

Why was I there? I was on assignment as a photojournalist,



to photograph jets landing and taking off on the carrier's two runways, and to take pictures of crew members doing their jobs. Later, my pictures were used to publicize a weekly television drama about life aboard an aircraft carrier.

**H**ow did I decide to become a photojournalist? By accident, I guess.

When I was a kid and my uncle Bill asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I never thought about becoming a photographer. I always thought I'd be a doctor or a policewoman, or maybe work on a sailing ship.

But when I got to college, I took a course in basic photography. That class changed my life! It helped me discover the thing I love to do more than anything else—take pictures. Right away, I loved finding an





interesting subject, aiming and adjusting my camera, and later looking at my photographs.

I graduated from college with a degree in photography, then found a job assisting a professional photographer. I worked hard, doing everything from loading film to cleaning the studio. I decided to go into business for myself as a photographer. That was more than eight years ago.

I specialize in editorial photojournalism. This means I shoot pictures for magazines, television networks, private businesses, and public organizations.

Not all of my assignments are full of thrills and chills like my trip on the *USS Kennedy*. Sometimes I sit on a movie set for hours, waiting to take just one quick picture. When I shot stories about jockeys and their horses, I had to crawl out of bed at four A.M., because the racetracks open early in the morning.

I love my career the most when I get assignments that are meaningful and inspiring. For example, I was sent to take pictures at the International Games for the Disabled. I watched people who were blind, crippled, and had many physical problems, but who loved competing against each other in swimming, track, basketball, and almost every Olympic sport. I was so impressed by the dedication and spirit of the athletes.

On another special assignment I traveled to Pennsylvania for *Highlights*, to shoot a story about a blind doctor whose guide dog helped him make his medical rounds. The doctor was a wonderful man who used his other



Photos by Kim: A wheelchair athlete awaits her race, a dog longs for pizza, and actor William Hurt reads Dr. Seuss.

senses to diagnose illnesses in his patients.

My current pride and joy is a series of posters I'm doing for the American Library Association. I am photographing famous people as they read books, to help promote the value of reading. It's an important project. I've taken pictures of rock musician Phil Collins, actress Keshia Knight Pulliam from TV's *The Cosby Show*, comedian Steve Martin, actors Michael J. Fox and William Hurt, and others.

Some things about being a photojournalist are downright boring. I have to type all the bills,

file all the pictures, deliver all the film, take care of my own equipment, pay my own bills, and constantly look for new assignments. These things take up lots of time, and because I own my own business I have to do just about everything myself. So my job can be tedious.

But whenever I go to the photo lab and find one or two of my pictures that will bring a smile to other people, I feel that I have accomplished something wonderful. I bring happiness to others by taking pictures. Their happiness is part of my reward, and I can't imagine doing anything else for a living.



# Our Own Pages



**A Busy City**

*Regina Lopez, Age 9  
Ewa Beach, Hawaii*



**Splashdown**

*B.J. Shanklin, Age 12  
Albany, Georgia*

## What Is Red?

Red Is . . .

the smell of cherry pie baking in your grandmother's kitchen  
and the color of a ripe tomato in the summer.

Red Is . . .

the rooster's comb wobbling as he sings his red sunrise song  
and your face if you are embarrassed, as when a police  
car's lights blink a bright red behind your car.  
On Christmas, Santa's clothes are always a bright red.  
And people's noses get so cold they turn red like a clown's  
nose.

Red Is . . .

being as happy as you can be, like when you watch Carol  
Burnett's beautiful red hair jump all around on TV . . .  
or being shy on the first day of school.

**Most Special of All**

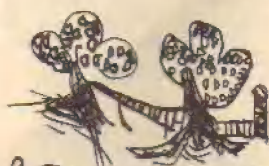
red is the love you feel in your heart as you and your  
mother read the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*.

*Heather Mills, Age 9  
Tacoma, Washington*

## The Big Yellow Fella

The Big Yellow Fella comes to take me away  
It picks me up at my house  
Every school day

*Charlie Turner Wittmaak, Age 7  
McKean, Pennsylvania*



*Harshit Jayantilal Prajapati, Age 5  
Gujarat, India*



**Playing Hockey**

*Aaron Houle, Age 7  
Anoka, Minnesota*



**Abe Lincoln**

*Eric Collins, Age 8  
Colorado Springs, Colorado*



**A Quiet Day**

*Nicole Gordillo, Age 10  
Coral Gables, Florida*



**The Whale in the Arctic**

*Scott E. Girgash, Age 8  
Bay Village, Ohio*

## The Falcon

As the falcon sits  
On his lonely perch  
His heart is soaring  
Through the deep blue sky.  
He dreams of drifting  
Through the cool crisp air  
And seeing things to be.  
The falcon sits  
With his head sagging down  
And his eyes staring up,  
A chain around his leg.

*Ryan Koller, Age 12  
Groton, Massachusetts*

**A**

**snowfall**  
is a piece

of lace coming from  
the sky. It makes me  
feel excited when I see the  
snow. When the snow falls it looks  
like they are having a race coming  
down from outer space. When  
the snow falls it glitters and  
spins.

*Megan Lee, Age 8  
Scotland, Connecticut*



**Tractor**

*Justin Daughtry, Age 5  
Princeton, North Carolina*



**Zebra**

*Niki Jensen, Age 13  
Cheyenne, Wyoming*



## Mountain Stream

The mountain stream flowed gently  
d

o

w

n

the hillside.

It flowed quickly, but quietly.

It ended up in a

d

e

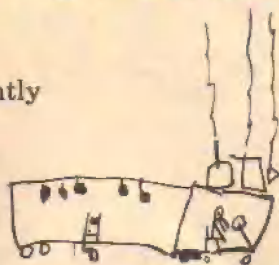
e

p

ravine.

And there it stays day . . . by . . . day.

Julie Turner, Age 11  
Fayetteville, North Carolina



Big Truck

Andy Kolberg, Age 4  
Rawlings, Maryland



Hamburger Man

Felix Pflueger, Age 8  
Bellevue, Kentucky



Zor, Joy, and Mudpie

Carrie Lefsafer, Age 10  
Cottonwood, Idaho

## Furry Blue Jay

Hi! My name is Furry

I like to fly

Up in the sky

And land on trees

But don't like the squirrels

Raiding my nest

I land on the ground

Next to a flower

A bug is flying bzzzz bzzzz

I think it's a bumblebee

Good-bye!

Jason Christodoro, Age 5  
Toms River, New Jersey

## Memories

Memories are like sorrow  
dripping off icicles  
spinning into  
the whirlpool  
of thoughts.

Jessica Battaini, Age 11  
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

## Sailing

Bouncing and rocking upon the waves,  
The sailboat cuts through the water.  
A salty breeze, a roaring wheeze—  
The wind brags in its valor.

In my slick, yellow raincoat and shiny boat pants  
I look at the whitecaps, as careless as snow.  
Although I am wet, I feel like a queen—  
Proclaiming all water is hers.

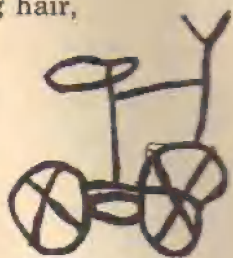
So the boat with its swiftness  
And I in my dripping hair,  
We join our forces—  
And rule the ocean!

Ivy Mills, Age 10  
Stonington, Connecticut



Momma and Baby Dragon

Corey Lynn Hastrich, Age 4  
Lancaster, New York



My Bike

Kirk Theis, Age 5  
Corvallis, Oregon



My Trombone

Peter Magielnicki, Age 11  
Charlottesville, Virginia

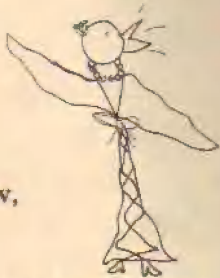


Jeffrey Kleine, Age 9  
Campbellsport, Wisconsin

## Rainy Days

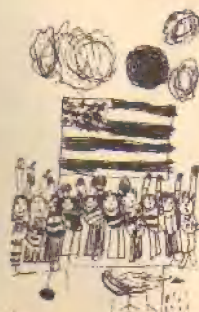
Raindrops,  
falling down.  
The sky,  
as dark as night.  
Not a bird,  
chirping above,  
not a butterfly,  
fluttering about,  
and as the raindrops  
dance across my window,  
I think of  
what I would do,  
if the sky were blue.

Aaron Marks, Age 9  
Oceanside, New York



Singing Goose

Becky Eleftherakis, Age 8  
Windsor, Vermont



Jennifer Edwards, Age 6  
Long Beach, California

## When I Grow Up

Ballerinas stand on their toes  
I'm going to grow up  
and be one of those.

Michelle Lea Griffith, Age 5  
Barrackville, West Virginia

Would you like to send an original poem, story, or black-and-white drawing to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is **your very own creation**, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. Include your name, age, street or box number, city, state, and Zip Code. Mail to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems and drawings from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us.



# Monster Fur

By Lisa Koger



*Kabump!* Willie had fallen out of bed again. Willie had fallen out of bed so many times since he moved that his parents no longer rushed into his room to see if he was hurt.

Willie peeked under his bed. He saw big balls of gray fur. There was lots of it. "Yikes!" yelled Willie. "There's a monster in this house!"

Willie didn't like living in a house with a monster. He wanted to go back to the house where he used to live.

"I don't like this house!" Willie told his mother and father at breakfast. "This house has a monster in it." He told them about the fur under his bed.

Willie's father smiled.

"Those are dust kitties," said Willie's mother. "I'll sweep them up with my broom."

Willie shook his head. He knew the difference between cats and monsters. "Nobody at my school will want to be friends with a kid who lives with a monster," he said.

"Monsters can be scary," Willie's mother said. "Moving to a new town can be scary, too. You'll have friends here," she said, giving Willie a hug. "Wait and see."

Willie waited. He was so busy waiting that he didn't ride his bicycle, climb the maple tree in his backyard, or talk to the other kids at school.

One evening Willie said, "You were wrong. I'm never going to have any friends."

"Why not?" his mother asked.

Willie frowned. "Because Mark and Benny and the other boys in my class won't like me if they find out about the monster."

"You may be right," said Willie's mother. "They have probably never been friends with a kid who has a monster in his house."

Willie thought a moment. Suddenly, he jumped up. "I've got a great idea!" he said as he bounded up the stairs.



The next day Willie carried a paper bag to school. "You'll never guess what's in it," he said during recess.

"A sandwich," said Mark.

"A jumbo chocolate-chip cookie," said Benny.

Willie shook his head. "Monster fur," he said.

The boys watched as Willie pulled big balls of fur out of the sack.

"Wow!" said Mark.

"Can I touch it?" said Benny.

Willie told them about the monster and how the floors creaked at his house at night.

"Spooky!" said Benny.

"Wish I lived in a fun place like that," said Mark.

"Can we come over?" asked Benny.

Mark and Benny came to Willie's house the next afternoon to see the monster. They peeked at the fur under Willie's bed. "Don't disturb it," Willie



whispered. "The monster might chomp you to bits."

Willie and his friends found lots of fur. "He's shedding," Willie said.

Together, they searched upstairs and downstairs. They even explored the cellar. They never found the monster, but they discovered some good places to hide.

**W**illie stopped falling out of bed at night. After a while he forgot about the monster. Willie's friends forgot about the monster, too, but they still came over to play.

Willie's mother did not forget. Every week she swept piles of fur from the corners and from under the beds. But when she came to Willie's bed, she played it safe. She just smiled and left some of it there.





# Poozy and Woozy Talk Together

Originated by Garry Cleveland Myers



Woozy: "I thought you were in bed."

Poozy: "I was, but I forgot to write a poem for English class."



Poozy: "I'm copying a funny one out of the book I got from Grandma."

Woozy: "Didn't your teacher tell you to write an original poem?"



Poozy: "Yes, but the one I wrote wasn't any good. So I'm copying this one."

Woozy: "But, Poozy, that's cheating."



Poozy: "Why?"

Woozy: "Because you're stealing another person's words, and that's wrong. Our teacher calls it plagiarism."



Poozy: "I'm glad you told me, Woozy. I wouldn't want to do that. I'll use the poem I wrote all by myself, even if it isn't so good."

Woozy: "The important thing, Poozy, is to do your best work, and not ever to copy anyone else's and say it's your own."





## SCIENCE CORNER



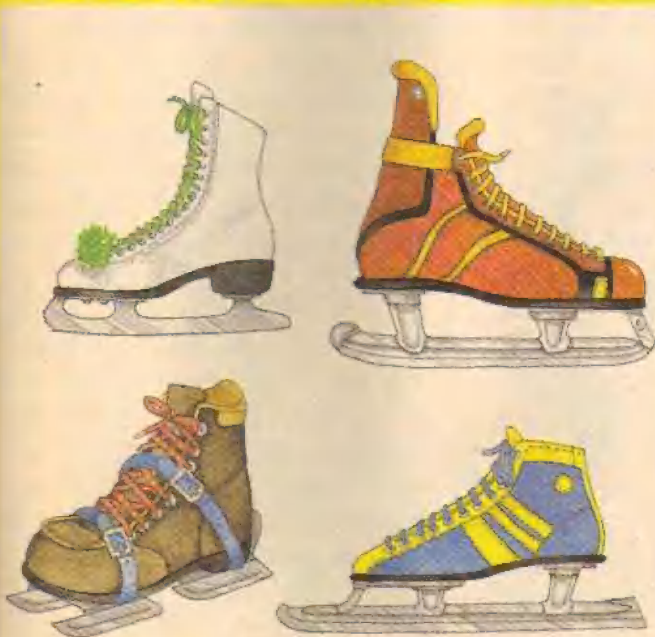
Illustrated by Kit Wray

**Boy:** Why do you need shoes?

**Horse:** My hoofs are made of the same kind of stuff as your fingernails. They work just fine for walking on grass or soft dirt. But for walking on roads and rocky ground, I need iron shoes so the bottoms of my hoofs are protected.

## Matching

Look at each skate on the left. Find the one like it on the right.



Illustrated by Tim Gillner



# Hawks That Hunt in Teams



By Jack Myers, Science Editor

Hawks and eagles are known as birds of prey. Most of them make their living by hunting smaller animals like mice, small birds, and fish. We usually think of them as the lonely hunters of the sky, gliding quietly high up, watching the ground for their next meal.

Some of the wilder parts of New Mexico are home for birds of prey called Harris's hawks. They spend most of the year living and hunting in groups. This is so unusual that a wildlife scientist went to work to study them. He wondered what advantage it was for them to live together. So he spent several months watching groups to see how they did their hunting.

It was easy to see that a group was formed from a family. There were always two older birds, mama and papa. Usually there

were some older children, more than a year old, and some younger children. The smallest group studied had two birds; the largest had six.

It isn't easy to study birds that range over wide spaces of rough country. In order to find and keep track of a group, the scientist first had to catch and put radio transmitters on one of the birds. The radio signals helped him find a group. Then he climbed to a high place where he could watch the hunt.

That took a lot of patience and hard work, especially since the birds sometimes moved out of range. During his study he was able to watch thirty hunts in which a group of hawks was successful in catching its prey and getting a meal. He always tried to spot the place where the prey animal was caught. Later he walked to that place to search for the bones of the prey.

For twenty-six of the hunts the scientist was able to find and identify the prey animals. Seventeen were cottontail rabbits, and nine were jackrabbits. Most of them were big rabbits, larger and heavier than any one of the hawks. Although rabbits are not great fighters, they don't give up easily. A kick from one of a rabbit's big back feet could easily injure and maybe break the wing of a hawk. So it was no surprise that the hawks were careful. No one of them, working by itself, ever tried to catch a rabbit. The only way the birds could catch one was by working together.

Usually a hunt started with a



search. The whole group gradually moved across an area, stopping to watch the ground from high trees. Once a rabbit was sighted, all the birds closed in.

Not all hunts worked out the same way. When the prey kept running, the birds worked in relays, one at a time following in close pursuit. When the prey slowed down or stopped in an open place, the birds took turns diving at it from different directions. Finally, when the prey became tired, one of the hawks made a killing strike. Sometimes the prey went into a patch of bushes. Then one or two birds walked into the bushes to flush it out again.

The scientist noticed that when a hunt was successful, all the birds of the group joined in getting a meal. He figured out that one rabbit a day was just about enough food for a family of five birds. Of course, not all hunts were successful. Sometimes the prey escaped, and the whole family went hungry. The chances of catching prey were greater for the larger groups of five or six birds.

We have long known that some of the other predators—like wolves and lions—live in groups. They are most successful at making their living when they hunt together in groups. Now we know that Harris's hawks do that, too. By hunting together, they can live on animals that no one bird can safely catch by itself. They have learned that the name of the game is teamwork.

## Figure Out the Figures

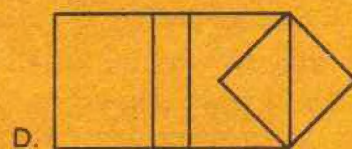
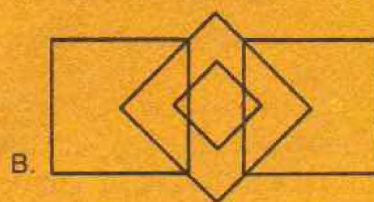
Match the descriptions with the figures that fit them.

1. Four triangles and four squares.

3. Two triangles and seven squares or rectangles.

2. Sixteen triangles and four squares.

4. Two triangles and twelve squares or rectangles.



Answers on page 42.

## Getting Ready to Read

Look at each picture in the first group. Say the word beside it. Find the same picture in the second group, and say the word beside it. Now find this word in the third group.



yo-yo



window

zipper



x-ray



yo-yo

window

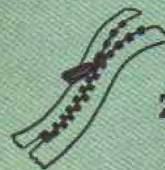


window



zipper

x-ray



zipper



x-ray

yo-yo



# Headwork

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.



What is a baby cat called?

Will you grow up to be a man or a woman?

Would it be easier for you or for your father to crawl under a bed? Why?

Do you feel better when you laugh or when you cry?



How does a mother kangaroo carry her baby?

What colors are in the flag of your country?



How are a piece of cake and a piece of pie alike? How are they different?

When you sneeze, are your eyes open or closed?

While out walking one morning, Mr. Kelly said to a neighbor, "The wind did a lot of damage last night." What made him say that?

Which way do you turn the knob to open the door to your bedroom?

Could you make a ball bounce higher on a wooden floor or on ground covered with soft snow?



What are some things kids quarrel or fight over? What do animals fight over? Do you think kids or animals fight more?

What is an anchor used for?

"Something is boiling over on the stove," Jenny called to her father from the living room. How could she know that?

Why do mountain streams run faster than streams running through flat country?



If you were blindfolded, which of the following could you name after tasting them: vinegar, salt, sugar, vanilla, peanuts, raisins, cinnamon?

# Jokes

Selected by Our Readers

Dan: "I just saw something running across the floor with no legs."

Cindy: "What?"

Dan: "Water."

Eric Cox—Texas

Rob: "Did you ever hear the story about butter?"

Jeanna: "No."

Rob: "Never mind. I don't want to spread it around."

Fawn-Ivy Eshner—Pennsylvania

Michael: "I just broke my clock."

Melissa: "You can get arrested for killing time."

Michael: "No, the clock struck first."

Missy Johnson—Washington

Cab driver: "Would you please look out the window and see if my left turn signal is working?"

Passenger: "Sure. It's working. It's not working. It's working. It's not working."

Lou Mukhar—California

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and home address, to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN  
Honesdale, PA 18431

## ANSWERS:

### "Mind-Boggling Box" (page 15)

9	6	2	17
4	3	8	15
1	7	5	13
14	16	15	17

### "Figure Out the Figures" (page 41)

1. B; 2. A; 3. D; 4. C

### Front Cover and What's Wrong? by Jerome Weisman

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# Creatures

Nobody Has Ever Seen



## The Piano Gobble-upper

The Piano Gobble-upper eats pianos. It eats one a day. It's about as big as a small dog. Sometimes it eats organs, too. It has six legs and six arms. Its body is green and pink. Its face is covered in gray fur. There are only about three left in the world.

*Kelly McGhee, Age 10  
Greensboro, North Carolina*



## Hacchahulahula Latizamor

Hacchahulahula Latizamor lives on the planet Venus. He loves to eat candy (that's because he has a yellow tooth).

*Michael Gendron, Age 10  
Lincoln, Rhode Island*



## Chalphostinioplion Gumball Stealer

The Chalphostinioplion Gumball Stealer is as big as three houses put on top of each other. It has four legs, four arms, six eyes, five ears, one nose and a big mouth. It has two cavities. It weighs 60,000 pounds and lives up to 79,659 years.

First it steals gumballs, throws them up in the air, and catches them in its pipe which leads to its head. Then if it wants some, it sucks on its pipe and gobbles twelve at a time.

**BEWARE OF THIS CREATURE! IT STEALS GUMBALLS!**

*Reshma Bharne, Age 7  
Bayside, New York*

Is there a "Creature Nobody Has Ever Seen" running around in your mind? Draw its picture and tell us about it. Include your name, age, and full address. Mail to: **HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**, Honesdale, PA 18431.



## The One-eyed Sweet-toothed Monster

The One-eyed Sweet-toothed Monster eats candy and all sorts of sweets. He lives on Mars. On Halloween you'd better watch out, or he might take some of your candy!

*Jessie Dufault, Age 12  
East Douglas, Massachusetts*



## Sockasaurus

A Sockasaurus is a sock monster. It lives in your laundry room. It eats your socks. It's as big as a shoe. It eats only one sock every wash load. It is a friendly sock monster.

*Heather Vela, Age 9  
East Chicago, Indiana*



# What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

